

Among the Apple Trees

A Story of Farm Life

By CLIFFORD V. GREGORY

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CHAPTER V.

It was four weeks before Mr. Sanders could leave his brother and come home, and when he finally did get back he found the plowing all done and the girls picking apples.

"I'll have to help you now to pay you back," he said, and, in spite of the girls' protests that they didn't need and didn't want any masculine assistance, he put on his overalls and began to help them gather the luscious fruit.

In accordance with Mr. Pearson's instructions, they were placing the apples in huge piles and covering them with straw until they could provide some more permanent place to store them.

"I wish we had a cold storage house," said Gladys. "These Wealthys won't keep very long any other way, and they aren't worth much now."

"You ought to have sold them to Snyder," said Mabel.

"You don't catch me selling apples to a trust," Gladys answered. "I'll make them into pies and let Jeff eat them first."

"What are you going to do with them?" her father asked. "There must be nearly seventy barrels of these Wealthys."

"We might make them into cider," suggested Mabel.

"I've thought of a better plan than that," said Gladys. "The Glen City Cold Storage company stores apples for a dollar a barrel, so Mr. Pearson told me. The Wealthys will keep in storage till the middle of February, and by that time they'll be worth \$4 or \$5 a barrel."

The next day the girls left their father to pick apples alone and went to town to talk with the storage man.

"Eighty barrels, did you say?" asked the manager when Gladys had explained what they wanted. "I guess we can handle that many all right. What did you say your name was?" he went on, drawing his book toward him.

He gave a surprised whistle when Gladys told him and excused himself for a moment.

"I'm sorry," he said as he came back, "but I find that we haven't any more room. Good day."

The girls stared at him in blank surprise, and it was not till they were halfway home that Gladys suddenly exclaimed: "It's Snyder's doing, Mabel. You know, he said we couldn't sell our apples unless we sold them to him. But we'll show him yet."

"I don't see how," Mabel objected. "We'd better have let him have them and saved any trouble."

It took about a week longer to finish picking the apples. After they were all piled and covered with straw Mr. Sanders helped the girls load up a wagon load, and they started for town to peddle them.

They found it no trouble at all to get rid of them at a dollar a bushel, for Snyder's corner was already beginning to make itself felt. By the middle of the afternoon the entire load was gone. The girls drove around by the bank, and Gladys ran in and deposited \$15. There was still \$12 left of the money the apples had brought. The girls had long before agreed that some of the first apple money was to be used to buy that long wished for silk dress for their mother. By the time they had selected the dress and trimmings to go with it and reached home it was almost dark.

"Guess what we've got for you, mommie!" cried Mabel, dashing into the kitchen like a young whirlwind and throwing the folds of the dress around her mother's shoulders.

Mrs. Sanders was an undemonstrative little woman, but she had to gather up the new dress quickly to keep a couple of tears from falling on it.

"What would I do without my two girls?" she said and then turned to her cooking as if nothing had happened.

But the girls understood, and when Mr. Sanders came in and the supper dishes were done they made the little mother sit in the rocking chair while they draped the folds of silk around her, and their father agreed with them that "she looked just like a queen," though he had a very hazy idea what a queen looked like.

"Wasn't it fun?" said Mabel just before she dropped to sleep that night. "Let's spend all our money that way instead of going to college."

The next morning they were up and had their wagon loaded when the sun came peeping up over the haystack. It was hot after the sun began to shine, and it was hard work measuring out apples, but the money kept coming in, which made the work seem a great deal easier. It was fun, too, in a way—there were so many different sorts of people, and they made so many queer remarks.

There was the old negro mammy who hailed the "apple girls" as a deliverance from the daily fare of dried prunes; the wistful looking old man who said he liked apple pie, but his wife didn't and if he bought any apples it would "make trouble," and the hungry looking little boy who said

\$1.50

**Buys Season Tickets
of the Local Merchants and Professional Men if Bought**

NOW

DO IT NOW! BUY YOURS TO-DAY! DON'T GET LEFT!

Marshall business men give warning that only a limited number of \$1.50 tickets will be placed with Marshall business men admitting to all of the TWENTY PROGRAMS of the

BIG SEVEN DAY MARSHALL CHAUTAUQUA

Big Daily Features

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| Kirksmiths Orchestra | Tuesday, August 30 |
| Royal Italian Guards Band | Wednesday, August 31 |
| Bryan | Thursday, September 1 |
| Congressman McKinlay | Friday, September 2 |
| Stricklan Gillilan | Saturday, September 3 |
| Edward Russell Perry | Sunday, September 4 |
| Congressman Rainey | Monday, September 5 |

Delivery of Subscription Season Tickets has begun. Have you got Yours? Positively no Season Tickets will be sold at the gate by the Redpath-Vawter Chautauqua System sellers at less than \$2.00.

Get Yours from the Marshall Business Men for \$1.50

But you will have to HURRY. The advance tickets are now selling rapidly. There will be none by the time the tents go up.

THE GATES ARE OPEN:

TUESDAY, AUGUST 30.

that he had eaten two apples last year and they tasted good. Poor little fellow! It is to be feared that he broke his apple eating record so badly that day that the paregoric bottle had to be resorted to, but he was happy for awhile, anyway.

Just as they were measuring out their last basketful Mabel looked up and saw Mr. Snyder coming across the road toward them.

"Look, Gladys," she whispered excitedly.

"Why? Where?" questioned Gladys, looking around.

By that time Snyder had reached the wagon. "Do you girls realize what you are doing?" he said sharply.

Gladys brushed a stray lock back from her eyes. "We're selling apples," she said, looking at him innocently, "a dollar a bushel. How many do you want?"

"You're breaking the city ordinance," Snyder went on, ignoring her remark.

"I could have you locked up for this."

"Put us in jail for selling apples!" cried Mabel in a scared voice.

"Certainly, unless you have a license. It's against the law to peddle without one."

For once Gladys was at a loss for a reply. She only tightened her hold on

the girls.

"That doesn't make any difference," Snyder went on. "But I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll agree not to peddle any more apples in this town I'll let you off this time."

Gladys looked up suspiciously. "Are you a policeman?" she asked.

"It doesn't make any difference what I am," he retorted. "You'd better remember what I say." And he strode angrily away.

"He isn't much of a gentleman anyway," said Mabel as she picked up the reins. "I wish papa had been here."

The girls drove around by the bank again and added \$30 to their bank deposit before they started for home.

"You're making money fast," said the old banker kindly as Gladys handed him the money.

"Yes," she replied; "we're just selling our apples."

"Snyder's getting them, I suppose," said the banker.

"Indeed he is not," Gladys replied.

"We're peddling them."

"The banker's face grew serious. 'Of course it's none of my business,' he said, 'but I'd advise you not to oppose Snyder. He is a great deal more powerful than you are, and he may make you trouble.'

"Snyder was just trying to frighten you," said Mr. Sanders when they told him about it that night. "There is an ordinance that peddlers must have licenses, but farmers who peddle things they raise themselves are not considered as peddlers. The banker probably does a lot of business with Snyder and doesn't want to see any trouble."

"Can't you go in with us tomorrow?" asked Mabel.

"Not very well," her father answered. "I promised to help the Burtons thrash. 'If Snyder says anything more to you, though, I'll go with you next time and see that he gets what's due him.'"

The girls had their load almost half sold the next day when Snyder put in his appearance.

"I thought I told you this thing had got to stop," he snarled, jumping up to the step on the side of the wagon box. "You're ruining my trade with your cursed peddling. Are you going to stop it?"

Both girls shrank back at the angry light in his eyes. They had never seen any one in such a passion before.

The next moment they were aware of something flying through the air in Snyder's direction. It hit him squarely in the back, and he rolled to the ground. There was a brief struggle, then silence.

"I guess he won't bother you any more," said a voice that they recognized as Harold Du Val's. "Yes, you can get up," he went on as Snyder

crawled to his feet. "But if I ever hear of you so much as speaking to these girls again I won't leave you any legs to stand on. Now let's see how fast you can get away from here."

Snyder hurried away as rapidly as his bruises would permit without so much as a glance behind.

"I beg your pardon if I said anything I should not have," said Harold, straightening his moist collar. "But I was a little excited. To think of a fellow like that talking that way to you!"

"If it hadn't been for you I don't know what would have happened," said Gladys. "I was almost scared."

"What an admission!" laughed Harold. "I needed something to restore me to your good graces," he went on somewhat ruefully. "But I'll have to say goodbye now. I was just on my way to catch the train. I'm going to college."

Gladys held out her hand. "Good-by," she said. "You may amount to something yet."

"Oh, no; that's expecting too much," said Harold, with a touch of irony in his voice. "Goodby, Mabel. I'm glad you're not as hard hearted as your sister."

"Goodby," said Mabel slowly. "You'll remember at college always to be a man—the kind of man your sister would want you to be—won't you?"

The whistle of the train cut short Harold's reply, and he raced away toward the depot with a final wave of his hand as he turned the corner.

Mabel looked after him with troubled eyes. "I wish Harold wasn't so happy-go-lucky," she said. "I hope he won't get in with a fast set at college."

Saved From Awful Peril

"I never felt so near my grave" writes Lewis Chamblin, of Manchester, Ohio, R. R. No. 3, "as when a frightful cough and lung trouble pulled me down to 115 pounds in spite of many remedies and the best doctors. And that I am alive today is due solely to Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. Now I weigh 160 lbs. and can work hard. It also cured my four children of croup." Infallible for Coughs and Colds, its the most certain remedy for La-Grippe, Asthma, desperate lung trouble and all bronchial affection 50c and \$1.50. A trial bottle free. Guaranteed by P. H. Franklin.

Fred Solomon returned to Kansas City Tuesday after a week's visit to his sister, Mrs. Bristow. Mr. Solomon moved away from here several years ago.

County News

From Our Exchanges

SLATER

Judge John A. Rich who has been a resident of Slater for over 31 years will leave here with his family today for Lexington their future home.

Miss Della Wilson only child of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wilson formerly of Slater died last Monday at the home of her parents in Jefferson City where her father has been station agent for the C. & A. for several years.

Miss Wilson had many girlhood friends in this city who will regret to learn of her untimely death.

M. J. Alkire of Blue Springs who has been in the Good Hope neighborhood on business returned home Tuesday afternoon. While here he disposed of his 91 acre farm to J. W. Huff for the consideration of \$7,000.

R. A. Jenkins informs us that he negotiated a deal last week whereby Meredith Clark of this place becomes the owner of the feed yard which has been owned for some time by Wenzel Bros. the consideration \$3400. Jenkins also negotiated the sale of Chas. Crawford residence which was purchased by J. R. Holt for the consideration of \$1400.

We are in receipt of an announcement of the fiftieth anniversary of Rev. J. Spencer and wife of this place. They were married in Morris county Kansas, Aug. 20th, 1860 and next Saturday they will have lived together 50 years.

Their many friends in Slater and elsewhere hope they will be spared to live many more happy years together.

Disagreeable at Home

Lots of men and women who are agreeable with others get "cranky" at home. Its not disposition, its the liver. If you find in yourself that you feel cross around the house, little things worry you, just buy a bottle of Ballard's Herbine and put your liver in shape. You and everybody around you will feel better for it. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by P. H. Franklin.

Active at 87

This would be unusual news if men and women would keep themselves free from rheumatism and all aches and pains as well as keeping their muscles and joints limber with Ballard's Snow Liniment. Sold by P. H. Franklin.

MALTA BEND

Otto Taetmeyer purchased a forty acre farm from L. D. Fowler Monday. Several from here were summoned to appear before the court at Marshall last Tuesday to give evidence in the Rolie Sanders case. Rolie was sent to the penitentiary for three years.

Misses Agnes and Mary Booker arrived home from Columbia Tuesday. Agnes attended summer session of the State University. She has a position in the schools at Trenton.

They met head on. Yesterday morning J. L. Sailor and Quincy Blosser's autos met on Pottery corner and a crash followed. They did not see each other until it was too late to avert the accident although both had shut off the power and the speed was slow. Sailor's car sustained a broken wheel, a sprung axle and some minor damages. Blosser's car was not hurt outside of knocking the lamp off and a few scratches.

News.

A Weaking

is the only way to describe the poor child that is afflicted with worms. No matter how much or how often it eats, the worms get all the nourishment from the food, the child gets practically none. White's Cream Vermifuge gets rid of the worms quickly, easily and with no bad aftereffects. Price 25 cents a bottle. Sold by P. H. Franklin.

MIAMI

Friday night a houseboatman and his wife traveling in a little house boat down the Missouri river stopped just above town to camp for the night. A young fellow whom they had picked up near Lexington was with them when they went to sleep, but ere morning light had broken he was gone and with him had gone a rifle, some clothing, a pair of shoes and \$1.50 in good hard cash. The man came to town used the telephone to farm houses in an effort to locate the culprit. He was found to be on his way to Malta Bend. The officers there were notified and arrested him when he arrived in the town. The houseboatman rode to Malta Bend and recovered all of his property except the \$1.50. He refused to prosecute and returned to Miami to resume his journey down the river. We doubt if he ever picks up another traveling companion.—News.

\$100 Reward \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative power that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

HOUSTONIA

A jolly crowd of boys and girls of Sedalia spent a delightful day at McAllister Springs Thursday. The Sweet Springs orchestra furnished music for the dance that night after which they spent the night with Miss Celeste Stephens. Ray, a young son of Philip Pummill, is carrying his arm in a sling as a result of being thrown from a horse last week.—Mrs. H. B. Tickemeier of Shackelford and Mrs. O. G. Casebolt of Miami are guests of J. W. Bolger and family.—Houstonian.

Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve

Is a creamy snow white ointment put up in air tight screw cap tubes. Will cure any case of sore eyes and will not injure eyes of a babe. Sold everywhere 25c.

NELSON

Miss Ruth Hildebrand resigned at Verts store Wednesday and is helping her mother pack. They intend to move to Rocheport the first of the month.—Advance.

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THEY FOUND IT NO TROUBLE TO GET RID OF THEM.

the old walletful of money and waited for developments. Mabel was plainly frightened. "We